

CDC
THIS MAGAZINE IS
HAUNTED

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No. 18

A CHARLTON PUBLICATION

10¢

DR. DEATH

THESE MURKY SWAMPS
HIDE A SPINE CHILLING
AND GRUESOUS TALE.
READ IT... IF YOU DARE!



WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM





In 10 Minutes of **FUN** a day I changed myself

from this
Bloodless Pitiful

SKINNY SHRIMP
to this



NEW MUSCULAR RED-BLOODED

HEAD-TO-TOE

HE-MAN!

Ken GRIMM AFTER MAILING COUPON

Now, Buddy YOU

Mail the Coupon below as I did!

May be LAST CHANCE before \$1 price goes back!

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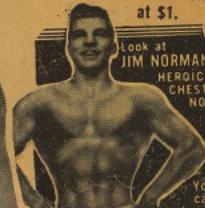
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If you mail

Millions COUPON NOW!

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1



HOW TO MOLD A **MIGHTY CHEST**

2



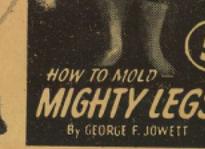
HOW TO MOLD A **MIGHTY ARM**

3



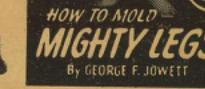
HOW TO MOLD A **MIGHTY BACK**

4



HOW TO MOLD A **MIGHTY GRIP**

5



I just

GAINED

35 NEW LBS.

OF SHAPELY POWER-PACKED

MUSCLES!

You can do the same

as I and THOUSANDS have

You can add 10 inches to your CHEST

6 inches to each ARM and

the rest in proportion as I did.

NO! friend you don't have to be **SKINNY, WEAK or FLABBY** any more just mail **NOW** the **FREE** coupon below as I did.

Besides getting **ALL 5 Courses** (pictured on this page) **FREE** (**MILLIONS HAVE BEEN SOLD FOR \$1**)

you'll ALSO get **FREE** a big **BOOK OF PHOTOS OF STRONG MEN** and BOYS who were **WEAKLINGS** like you BEFORE mailing coupon

THIS THRILLING BOOK WILL ALSO TELL YOU

LAST CHANCE-ALL FREE COUPON

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HOW YOU CAN WIN

A BIG 15" TALL SILVER CUP as I just did and how to
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Gives You
World for
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Physical
Director

JOWETT INSTITUTE OF PHYSICAL TRAINING
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Dear George, Please mail to me, **FREE** Jowett's Photo Book of Strong Men and a Muscle Meter, plus all 5 HE-MAN Building Courses, 1. How to Build a Mighty Chest, 2. How to Build a Mighty Arm, 3. How to Build a Mighty Back, 4. How to Build a Mighty Back, 5. How to Build Mighty Legs. All in one Volume "How to Become a Mighty HE-MAN". ENCLOSED FIND 10¢ FOR POSTAGE AND HANDLING (Enclose 10¢ D.D.S.)

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MAIL NOW! SAVES YOU YEARS and DOLLARS!

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The following outstanding magazines are easily identified on their covers by the words A CHARLTON PUBLICATION.
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EH! this crazy comic • HAUNTED • HOT RODS AND RACING CARS • ZOO FUNNIES
LASH LARKE WESTERN • ROCKY LANE WESTERN • RACKET SQUAD • SIX-GUN HEROES
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SWEETHEARTS • TEX RITTER WESTERN • TRUE LIFE SECRETS • TV TEENS • THE THING



DR. DEATH Presents

THE LAST EARL!

NOW YOU ARE ALL DOOMED TO DIE IN THE SWAMP, MY HATED BROTHERS! AND I...XANADU... BECOME THE THIRTEENTH EARL OF WOLFDANE!

AEEEEEEEEE!



ONCE LONG AGO THERE WERE FOUR BROTHERS -- A TALL MAN, A SHORT MAN, A CADAVEROUS MAN AND A MADMAN! WHILE THEIR FATHER LAY DYING, THREE OF THE BROTHERS MADE PLANS TO DIVIDE AMONG THEMSELVES THE FAMILY FORTUNE, THE FAMILY ESTATES AND THE HEREDITARY FAMILY TITLE, EARL OF WOLFDANE! BUT THEY FAILED TO TAKE INTO ACCOUNT THEIR DISINHERITED BROTHER, WHO HUNGERED ONLY FOR WHAT LAY AT...

THE BOTTOM OF THE SWAMP!

SHUSTER • BELFI

THE NINTH EARL OF WOLFDANE WAS OLD... HIS MOMENTS WERE NUMBERED, AND WHILE HIS LIFE SWIFTLY EBBED AWAY, ONE OF HIS SONS READ FROM AN ANCIENT Tome IN ANOTHER PART OF THE CASTLE...

...WHEN THREE SACRIFICES HAVE BEEN HURLED INTO ITS MIDST, THE DREADED SWAMP WILL SURRENDER A VAST TREASURE TO THE ONE STRONG ENOUGH TO CLAIM IT!

FATHER IS DEAD, UGLY ONE... AND I AM THE TENTH EARL! GASCON -- TAKE THE WEIRD BOOK FROM OUR MONSTRous BROTHER! ME THINKS HE DELVES TOO MUCH IN FAIRY STORIES AND LEGENDS OF THE DEVIL!

N-NO... I BEG OF YOU, ULRIC...



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THE BOOK TELLS OF MAGIC POWERS IN THE SWAMP...OF A FANTASTIC TREASURE AT THE BOTTOM OF...ARGHHH!

STOP YOUR PRATTLING, IDIOT! QUICK...GASCON, MORDRED...BURN THE CURSED BOOK!



HIDEOUS XANADU FLED FROM THE CASTLE, HIS BROTHERS' RAUCOUS LAUGHTER THUNDERING IN HIS EARS. DOWN TO THE SWAMP HE WENT, TO DREAM... AND PLOT...

ULRIC IS THE TENTH EARL...GASCON WILL BE THE ELEVENTH, AND MORDRED THE TWELFTH! WHEN I AM CROWNED THIRTEENTH EARL OF WOLFDANE I WILL BE FREE TO DO AS I PLEASE! AND THAT DAY IS NOT FAR OFF! NOT...

HEH HEH...FAR OFF!



NOW LISTEN WELL, XANADU! THIS LUNACY ABOUT SEARCHING IN THE SWAMP IS TO CEASE; UNDERSTAND? FOR EVEN IF YOU DO DISCOVER A FORTUNE BENEATH THAT EVIL MUCK, THE TREASURE GOES TO THE REIGNING EARL OF WOLFDANE...AND YOU ARE THE LAST IN LINE OF SUCCESSION!



ON XANADU'S CUNNING BRAIN A PLAN SLOWLY EVOLVED. AND SO, A FEW DAYS LATER...

THE KING'S COURIER RIDES THIS WAY...FROM HIS SPEED I IMAGINE IT IS A MESSAGE OF GREAT IMPORTANCE HE CARRIES! MY LONG VIGIL IS ABOUT TO BE REWARDED!



OOOHH! HELP ME...I BEG OF YOU...

W-WHAT? WHO IS IT...WHY ARE YOU LURKING IN THE BUSHES?



M-MY LEG...I FEAR IT IS SHATTERED! HERE...THIS WAY... HELP ME!

IT'S DARK IN THIS STINKING JUNGLE...I CAN'T SEE A THING!



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WHERE IN HEAVEN'S NAME
ARE YOU? I'M ON AN
IMPORTANT MIS....
GNGGG!

**THIS, TOO IS
IMPORTANT!**



S-SECRET PAPERS ADDRESSED TO THE GARRISON
COMMANDER AT FORT GEORGE! JUST WHAT I
NEED FOR MY...AH...**GIFT**...TO DEAR ULRIC!
HEH HEH HEH!



HURRYING BACK TO WOLFDANE CASTLE, CRAFTY XANADU
CREPT STEALTHILY TOWARD ONE OF THE DREARY BED-
CHAMBERS....

THE KING'S COURIER NEVER SAW MY
FACE...POSSESSION OF THE SECRET ORDERS IS
THE ONLY DAMNING EVIDENCE THE HIGH JUDGE WILL
BE ABLE TO FIND! AND WHEN I WHISPER THAT I
ACCIDENTALLY SAW ULRIC HIDING THE STOLEN
DOCUMENTS HERE IN HIS ROOM!



XANADU DID HIS FATEFUL WHISPERING THAT SAME NIGHT,
INTO THE EAR OF THE KING'S HIGH JUDGE. ULRIC WAS
SEIZED...THE STOLEN PAPERS FOUND...A TRIAL ORDERED.

I FIND YOU GUILTY OF **SPYING AGAINST THE
CROWN**, ULRIC WOLFDANE! YOUR TITLE IS FOR-
FEITED TO THE NEXT HEIR, AND YOU SHALL SUFFER
THE PENALTY PROSCRIBED
BY LAW...

N-NO...I'M
INNOCENT...



FOR READING SECRET DOCUMENTS NOT INTENDED
FOR YOUR EYES, ULRIC WOLFDANE, YOU SHALL
SUFFER THE LOSS OF YOUR **SIGHT**! TAKE HIM
TO THE DUNGEONS, EXECUTE MY SENTENCE, THEN
RELEASE THE
PRISONER!

P-PLEASE...HAVE MERCY...



N-NO...
NO!
AIEEEEEE!

SUFFER, ULRIC...FOR PLOTTING WITH
MY OTHER BROTHERS AGAINST ME!
NOW YOU ARE BLIND AND SHORN
OF POWER...AND I MUST SCHEME
AGAINST GASCON, THE **ELEVENTH**
EARL OF WOLFDANE!



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ULRIC WAS RELEASED IN THE CUSTODY OF HIS BROTHER GASCON, NOW THE REIGNING EARL OF WOLFDANE, AND XANADU WENT OFTEN TO THE GHASTLY SWAMP, TO BROOD...AND PLOT...

MY FIRST STEP TOWARD THE TITLE...
AND FREEDOM TO SEARCH FOR THE GREAT TREASURE
HERE IN THE SWAMP...IT'S ACCOMPLISHED! NOW...
HEH HEH...IT'S GASCON'S TURN!



AHHHHHHHHH!

TIGHT ENOUGH SO THAT HE
LOSES HIS SENSES...BUT NOT
SO SNUG A FIT AS TO KILL THE
MAN! IT'S THE COINS I WANT...
FOR EVIDENCE AGAINST
GASCON!



THE GROTESQUE PUNISHMENT WAS PAID, AMID SCREECHES
OF AGONY, THEN THE PRISONER WAS RELEASED TO THE
CUSTODY OF HIS SUCCESSOR...MORDRED, TWELFTH
EARL OF WOLFDANE!

ULRIC AND GASCON HAVE BEEN
TAKEN CARE OF...NOW TO SCHEME AGAINST THE LAST
MAN STANDING BETWEEN ME AND THE SWAMP
TREASURE!



A WEEK PASSED...A WEEK IN WHICH XANADU DREAMED
CONSTANTLY OF THE FABULOUS TREASURE REPUTEDLY
BURIED AT THE BOTTOM OF THE HIDEOUS SWAMP AT THE
EDGE OF THE WOLFDANE ESTATE. THEN...



THE KING'S TAX COLLECTOR...WALKING
RIGHT INTO MY TRAP!

ONCE AGAIN TREACHEROUS XANADU WHISPERED TO THE
HIGH JUDGE. ONCE AGAIN A SEARCH WAS MADE, EVI-
DENCE FOUND AND A TRIAL ORDERED...

YOU...GASCON WOLFDANE...ARE GUILTY OF STEALING
THE KING'S TAX MONEY! SEIZE HIM, GUARDS...AND
TAKE HIM TO THE DUNGEON!
THE TRADITIONAL PUNISH-
MENT SHALL BE HIS...CUT
OFF THE HANDS OF
THE THIEF!



SEVERAL DAYS PASSED, AS XANADU DREAMED OF
THE FUTURE BESIDE THE OZOY SWAMP. THEN AN
INSPIRATION CAME TO HIM...

HERE THEY COME, AS I KNEW THEY WOULD! IMAGINE
THE FOOLS...THINKING THEY ARE ABOUT TO GAIN
VENGEANCE ON THE MAN WHO INFORMED AGAINST
THEM! HEH HEH HEH!



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AND SO, AMID SCREAMS OF ANGUISH, MORDRED... TWELFTH EARL OF WOLFDANE WAS DRAGGED TO THE DUNGEONS. THERE, HE SUFFERED THE GHASTLY FATE OF A CONVICTED MURDERER...



YOUR HEART! KILLER OF YOUR OWN BROTHERS... IT SHALL BE TORN FROM YOUR BODY!

XANADU, THE LONE SURVIVOR OF THE ILL-FATED FAMILY, HAD BECOME THE THIRTEENTH EARL OF WOLFDANE! CLAIMING MORDRED'S CORPSE, HE JOURNEYED TO HIS FAVORITE BURIAL VAULT...

THE THIRD SACRIFICE

TO THE SWAMP DEMON... JUST AS IT WAS WRITTEN! RIDICULE ME AND DESTROY THE ANCIENT BOOK DESCRIBING THE TREASURE, WOULD THEY? HEH HEH!

A FEW DAYS OF PRACTICE
AND THE BURIED FORTUNE
WILL BE MINE!

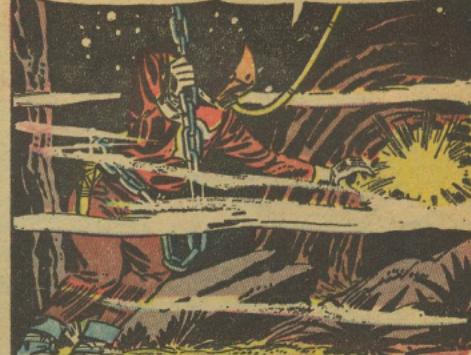


HOUR AFTER HOUR, XANADU WORKED FRANTICALLY ON HIS CURIOUS HELMET! THEN, AT LAST HE WAS READY...

WITH THIS HEADGEAR I CAN BREATHE UNDER THE SURFACE... AND WITH THIS CHAIN I CAN RAISE OR LOWER MYSELF!



THE SECRET ENTRANCE DESCRIBED IN THE BOOK... I SEE IT OFF IN THE DISTANCE! THIS SLIME... UGHH... IT'S CLAMMY AS DEATH! BUT I MUST GO ON... WHAT I'VE HUNGERED FOR IS ALMOST IN MY GRASP!



EVERYTHING THE ANCIENT BOOK DESCRIBED... IT'S COME TRUE! THIS MISERABLE CORRIDOR... IT SHOULD LEAD TO THE CHAMBER IN WHICH MY TREASURE IS HIDDEN! T-THE DOOR AT THE FAR END... THAT'S IT!



OBLIVIOUS TO THE SLIME CLINGING TO HIS BODY... TO THE ODOR OF DECAY PERMEATING THE GHASTLY CHAMBER... XANADU LURCHED WILDLY TOWARD THE ROTTING DOOR...

JUST AS THE BOOK PROPHESIED...
EVERYTHING I DESERVE FOR
MY TOIL AND INGENUITY IS
INSIDE THAT ROOM.



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THE DOOR TO THE HIDDEN CHAMBER SWUNG OPEN, AND XANADU PLUNGED FORWARD TO CLAIM HIS REWARD...

AS THE ANCIENT BOOK PRE-DICTED, I SHALL RECEIVE WHAT I DESERVE HERE IN... G-GOOD LORD!

THE BOOK FORETOLD THE TRUTH, TREACHEROUS XANADU... HERE YOU SHALL MEET WITH DESTINY!

M-MORDRED... RISEN FROM THE PUTREFYING DEAD! MY MIND.. I MUST BE GOING MAD! I—I MUST ESCAPE... CRAWL BACK THROUGH THE MUCK...

FOR YEARS YOU HAVE DREAMED AND PLOTTED TO REACH THIS CURSED CHAMBER, XANADU...

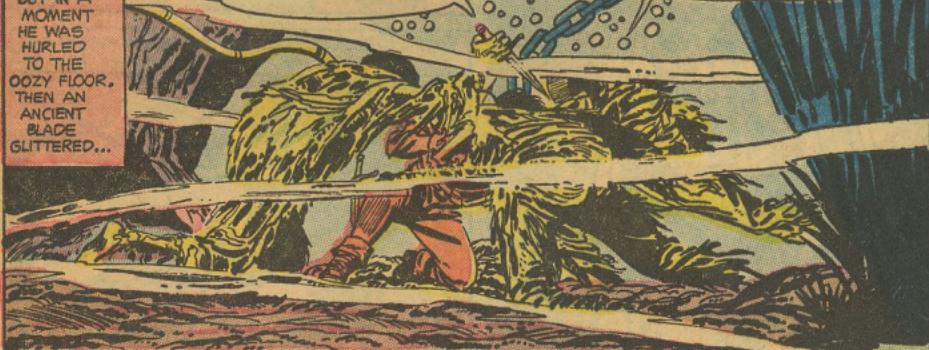
...HERE YOU SHALL STAY, TOGETHER WITH THE REWARD YOU HUNGERED FOR!



XANADU FOUGHT LIKE A DEMON, BUT IN A MOMENT HE WAS HURLED TO THE Oozy Floor. THEN AN ANCIENT BLADE GLITTERED...

N-NO... T-THIS CAN'T BE HAPPENING! YOU... YOU'RE ALL DEAD... I SAW YOU DIE MYSELF! K-KEEP AWAY... KEEP... ARGHHHHHHH!

STRUGGLING IS FRUITLESS, YOU FOOL! WE WANT WHAT YOU STOLE FROM EACH OF US... AND WE WILL HAVE IT!



THERE WAS A BLOOD-CURDLING SCREECH AND XANADU CEASED HIS FRENZIED WRITHING. THEN...

COME, BROTHERS... AT LAST WE CAN REST IN PEACE. I HAVE BACK MY EYES... ...AND I HAVE HANDS... ...AND I HAVE A HEART!



THE THREE FEARSOME APPARITIONS MOVED OUT OF THE GROTESQUE CHAMBER, LOCKING THE AGE-OLD DOOR BEHIND THEM. AND THERE, ON THE Oozy GROUND...



...WAS ALL THAT WAS LEFT OF XANADU, THIRTEENTH EARL OF WOLFANE! HIS DREAMS OF TREASURE HAD COME TO...

THE END

THIS MAGAZINE IS HAUNTED

Bridegroom, Come Back!



WHEN SHE FIRST SEES ME, HER EYES ARE SHINING AND SHE IS RADIANT WITH LOVE ...



HER HAND TREMBLES AS SHE REACHES FORWARD AND STROKES ME TENDERLY...



IT PLEASES MADEMOISELLE...? OH !



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MADAMEOISSELLE HAS EXQUISITE TASTE -- IT IS THE MOST BEAUTIFUL OF ALL OUR WEDDING GOWNS !

C-COULD I TRY IT ON, PLEASE ?



SO WHY AT THIS MOMENT SHOULD I BE RUSTLING WITH DREAD ?

THE DAYS HAVE FLOWN ... AND NOW THE ORGAN'S PEALING TONES ARE ECHOING THROUGH THE CHURCH. I CAN FEEL THE EXCITED THUMPING OF MY WEARER'S HEART AS SHE WALKS SLOWLY UP THE AISLE ...



BUT I AM ONLY A WEDDING GOWN, MADE OF TAFFETA AND LACE, WITHOUT THE POWERS OF MOVEMENT OR SPEECH : I CANNOT WARN HER !



I-I'LL TAKE IT !

BORN UNDER THE SEAMSTRESS' DARTING NEEDLE, TILL NOW I HAVE KNOWN NOTHING OF LIFE BUT THE DREARY MONOTONY OF HANGING ON A RACK IN THE BRIDAL SHOP. THIS IS THE MOMENT I WAS BORN FOR --- WHEN AT LAST I AM ENFOLDING A WARM VIBRANT BODY THAT THROBS WITH HAPPINESS !



THEN I SEE THE BRIDEGRoOM ! I SEE THE EVIL IN HIS EYES ! I TRY TO SHRINK BACK AS HE APPROACHES SMILINGLY !

DARLING...



AFTER THE RECEPTION, LANGUIDLY DISROBING, SHE HOLDS ME IN HER ARMS AND PRESSES HER SOFT CHEEK AGAINST ME — BUT THEN I HEAR HIS VOICE ...



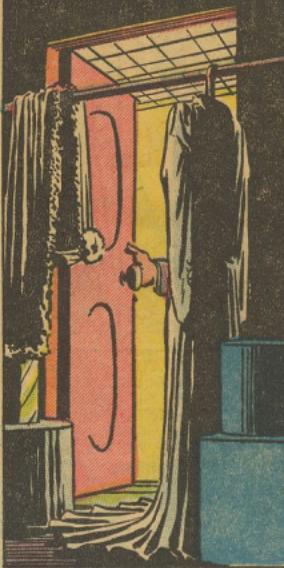
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THEY HAVE GONE ON THEIR HONEY-MOON...AND I HANG LIMPLY IN THE SOUNDLESS CLOSET, OPPRESSED BY THE DARKNESS, LONGING FOR HER RETURN, LONGING TO BE FONDLED AGAIN BY HER SOFT HANDS ...
HOPE AGAINST HOPE THAT SHE WILL RETURN!



MONTHS HAVE PASSED--A GLOB OF TIME MADE EXCRUCIATINGLY LONG BY SUSPENSEFUL WAITING... AND AT LAST THE CLOSET DOOR SWINGS SLOWLY OPEN!



BUT ONLY HE HAS COME! HE ALONE WITH EVIL LURKING IN HIS HEAVY-LIDDED EYES! HE REACHES FORWARD WITH CURVING FINGERS...



...TEARS ME ROUGHLY FROM THE HANGER, THROWS ME OVER HIS SHOULDER, AND STRIDES ACROSS THE ROOM! HE HAS KILLED HER! EVERY THREAD IN ME CRIES OUT SOUNDLESSLY! HE HAS KILLED HER! BUT WHAT CAN I DO...? I AM ONLY A WEDDING GOWN ...



HOW MUCH WILL YOU GIVE ME FOR IT?

IT IS VERY BEAUTIFUL. BUT HOW MANY PEOPLE COME TO PAWNSHOPS FOR WEDDING GOWNS? TWENTY DOLLARS IS THE BEST I CAN DO...



SO NOW I HANG IN THE GLOOM AND DUST OF THE PAWNSHOP, THE SMELLS ARE SOUR HERE...AND NO BRIDE EVER ENTERS.



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BUT THEN ONE DAY... FUNNY YOU SHOULD ASK FOR A WEDDING GOWN. JUST SO HAPPENS I HAVE ONE BACK HERE...



THIS GIRL WEARS A THICK VEIL OVER HER FACE. HER VOICE IS FLAT AND DEAD. AND WHEN SHE TOUCHES ME, HER HAND IS COLD...



DON'T YOU WANT IT WRAPPED, MISS?

IT'S ALL RIGHT--I'LL TAKE IT AS IT IS!



SO NOW I AM BEING WORN TO A SECOND WEDDING... BUT SHE HASN'T WASHED ME! I STILL GRITTY WITH PAWNSHOP DUST, I ENSHROUD HER PAINFULLY THIN BODY...



THAT'S A PRETTY FANCY OUTFIT FOR A JUSTICE OF THE PEACE WEDDING, DARLING.

THAT VOICE! HE IS THE BRIDEGROOM! THE SAME ONE -- THE KILLER! AND HE PLANS TO KILL THIS POOR GIRL TOO! IF ONLY I COULD CRY OUT...! I TRY NOT TO LISTEN TO THE MUMBLED CEREMONY!



...TO BE YOUR LAWFUL WEDDED HUSBAND!

I DO!

THAT DIDN'T TAKE LONG, DARLING -- DID IT? YOU WANT TO GET OUT OF THAT GOWN SOMEWHERE -- SO WE CAN START ON OUR HONEYMOON?



NO... I WANT TO WEAR IT!

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HER EYES ARE FIXED ON THE
ROAD AHEAD...BUT I SEE WHAT
IS IN HIS HAND WHEN HE WITH-
DRAWS IT!



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THIS IS IT, BABE ! NOW HAND OVER THAT PURSE !



HMMMM... GLAD TO SEE YOU'RE BEING SENSIBLE AND NOT SCREAMING, BECAUSE YOU KNOW, BABE, IT WOULDN'T DO YOU A BIT OF GOOD...



BLAMMM!



THE BULLET TEARS THROUGH ME --- CLEANLY JAGGEDLY OUT OF MY BACK !



BUT WHY IS IT TAKING SO LONG FOR HER BLOOD TO BEGIN GUSHING ?

N-NO...NO! DON'T TOUCH ME ! Y-YOU'RE DEAD !

OF COURSE, I AM DEAD...



I HAVE BEEN DEAD SINCE THE FIRST TIME YOU KILLED ME ! I CAME BACK FOR MY BRIDEGEROM ! IN MY ORIGINAL WEDDING GOWN, I CAME BACK ! AFTER ALL...



... A NEWLY MARRIED COUPLE SHOULD BE TOGETHER !



I AM HAPPY NOW. I SHALL NEVER HANG IN A DARK CLOSET AGAIN, GATHERING DUST, ACCUMULATING MOTH HOLES, LONGING TO BE STROKED BY WARM HANDS...



I AM HAPPY, FOR NOW I SHALL BE WORN FOR ALL ETERNITY !!

The End.

THE LAND of NO PLACE

Mrs. Janice Carter did her best to restrain the tears from rolling down her face. But she couldn't control the sob in her voice as she spoke to her husband's two best friends.

"It all started as a joke," she began. "I remember the day little Thelma was blowing soap bubbles. They were so pretty, and then they would break. Little Thelma asked my husband if he could make a big bubble, one that wouldn't go to the land of no place. That was the exact expression she used — the 'land of no place.' And my husband told her he would try to make such a bubble. Need I tell you what has happened to him during the last six months? He gave up his work and classes at the University. He shuts himself in his laboratory all day long. He is thin and ill. Please do something for him, Dr. Graham."

Dr. Graham, Senior Professor in Research Organic Chemistry at the State University, sighed. For he knew what it meant when a man had a single track mind. It could lead to a mental breakdown.

"I shall do my best to convince Ernest to give up this madness. Dr. Jessup agrees that, unless something is done in a hurry, it will be necessary to have your husband committed to an institution. I'll go over to the laboratory and see if he will speak to us."

The two men left the house and walked a short distance to a stone building. They rang the buzzer, and finally the peep hole in the door opened.

"You have come to spy on me, but it won't do any good," said the man on the other side of the door. "All my work is now finished, so you can come in and watch a demonstration."

The door opened, and Dr. Graham, accompanied by Dr. Jessup, walked along a narrow corridor. There was another door which opened, and then they looked into an empty room.

"My wife has probably been telling you I am crazy," said Ernest Carter. "And I can understand why she feels that way. When I explain to you what I have done, you both will realize that the greatest achievement of this century has taken place. And it is so simple that a child of six can understand it. In fact, Little Thelma, who is six, gave me the idea.



In our world we ordinarily think of the fact that everything must occupy space—and space is of three dimensions; having width, height and depth. We all know that, in recent years, there has been discussion about a fourth dimension, which we call time. I have found the fifth dimension. It is spaceless."

"Spaceless?" repeated Dr. Graham. "Everything must be in space. Every child knows that."

"But every child who has ever blown up a bubble and watched it burst wants to know where it has gone. I have found the fifth dimension. I can blow up a special bubble. When this bubble envelopes anything, it just bursts and vanishes with the object into the land of no place. In other words, a journey from space to spaceless. Watch me and you shall see it happen."

Ernest Carter took a small chair and placed it in the center of the room. Then from his hand, in which he held a metallic object, came a spray. A large bubble was formed, which covered the chair. The bubble broke, vanished—and so did the chair.

"Not a bad trick at that," complimented Dr. Graham. "How did you do it? An opening in the floor?"

"So you think it is a trick?" shouted Ernest Carter. "See how you like this."

From his hand came a spray. A large bubble was formed which covered the two men. They tried to break through it, but couldn't. The bubble broke, vanished, and so did the two men.

"We have a five state alarm out for Dr. Graham and Dr. Jessup," said Police Chief .

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John Roemer. "Mr. Carter said they left his place. Of course we searched his place from top to bottom. Why should he want to kill them?"

Mrs. Graham turned to Mrs. Jessup, and both women then looked at Mrs. Carter.

"They went to see her husband. He is insane and dangerous. We are certain he did something to our husbands. Why should they want to go away? You are holding Mr. Carter down-stairs in jail. Can we see him?"

"Here I am," said a familiar voice, as a startled Police Chief looked at a man who should have been locked up. "Don't worry about your men because I just sent them to the land of no place," continued Mr. Carter. "I'm tired of having people interfere with me. I am going to take over the city. This place will be my headquarters. But first I will get rid of those two women. Watch me and see people vanish before your eyes."

A bubble appeared, enveloped the two women, and, when it burst, they had vanished. Mrs. Carter began to cry, and the expression on the face of the Police Chief showed he just didn't believe what his eyes had seen. But he was rudely snapped out of doubting stage when the voice of Ernest Carter gave an order.

"Get on that phone at once. Call up the Mayor and the Governor. Tell them to surrender everything at once to me. I want ten million dollars — and absolute power. Then I will take over the entire country — and finally the world."

The sirens could be heard outside the building, as five armored cars stopped. Helmeted troops forced people back. Major Edward J. Ritter spoke to the Mayor.

"If this is some kind of a funny gag, there is going to be a lot of trouble. My men are setting up a loud-speaker unit. You can broadcast your message."

The Mayor walked over to a microphone. He could feel his heart beat louder and louder. Then he spoke.

"To the man who is holding the Police Chief and the woman as hostages. You have exactly until the count of ten to surrender. Otherwise we will throw gas bombs and get you either alive or dead."

Ernest Carter walked to the window. He held his hand out and aimed the nozzle of the spray at the cars below.

"I shall send you to the land of no place," he shouted. "How dare you all defy me?"

A film of plastic began to settle down over the cars. The Major decided to take no chances.

"Fire a round of bullets through this soap bubble," he ordered. "That crazy guy thinks he can scare us."

A soldier with a submachine gun in his hand

fired several rounds aimed at the bubble. When the bullets hit the plastic they just rebounded back. A startled Major began to speak. But the words never passed his lips. The armored cars, the soldiers, the officers and all the emergency equipment vanished. And then panic seized the people who had witnessed this strange scene.

"Run for your lives," yelled a woman. "Or we will vanish next!"

Hundreds were killed, as they fell down on the streets and were trampled by those running over them. The panic was contagious, and automobiles smashed into frightened people. The Governor of the state immediately called for help from Washington. In the meantime, he went in person to the street outside the building. He spoke into a microphone.

"I am authorized to tell you that we will do whatever you wish. We are completely at your mercy. Come to the window and give us your orders."

Inside the room Ernest Carter laughed as he heard those words. In the corner he could see his frightened wife seated next to the Police Chief.

"They must think I'm a fool," he announced. "If I go to the window, a man will probably shoot me. Bet they have a marksman waiting for me just to show my face. My beloved wife, you go to the window. Now listen carefully. I can do without food, drink or sleep. For weeks I have been giving myself special injections. Tell them to go home. This place will be my headquarters. Orders will be given over the phone."

Mrs. Carter went to the window and repeated what her husband had told her. The people below dispersed as had been ordered. Ernest Carter laughed.

"I am master of the entire world. With my bubble I can send people to the land of no place."

The Police Chief had been doing some deep thinking. He got up from his chair and lunged quickly at the man. The two struggled. The mad man was powerful. He smashed at the Police Chief, who went down on the floor.

"Now I'll put you in a bubble and let you vanish," he shouted.

Suddenly the man on the floor pulled the leg of Ernest Carter, who fell down. A bubble appeared, enclosed him and then vanished with the mad man.

"My husband has gone to the land of no place," sobbed Mrs. Carter. "But at least the world is now safe."

"I wonder if he will meet the others," replied the Police Chief. "Or just where do you go when you aren't?"

The End

THIS MAGAZINE IS HAUNTED

THEIR BLIND EYES WERE ALL-SEEING, AS THEY SOUGHT CHARLEY DEFFER EVEN BEHIND WALLS OF STONE AND BARS OF STEEL; AND THEIR DEAD LIMBS PURSUED--AND BONY, BLEACHED-WHITE FINGERS REACHED OUT TO ENSNARE HIM FOR THEIR...

CARETAKER OF THE DEAD!



THE GRAVE-STONES STOOD OUT LIKE LEERING YELLOW TEETH IN THE BRIGHT LIGHT OF THE LOW-HANGING MOON. SCRAPPY ELFISH CHARLEY DEFFER--HIS SHIFTY EYES DARTING--ASCENDED THE NARROW, ROCK-STREWN ROAD THAT BORDERED THE CEMETERY!

THIS IS THE RACKET! NO MORE GOING HUNGRY FOR ME OR SLEEPING ON HARD BENCHES; THOSE CORPSES ALWAYS GOT RINGS OR SOME STUFF ON 'EM I CAN SELL!



HE MUTTERED ALOUD, JUST TO HEAR THE SOUND OF HIS VOICE OVER THE STILLNESS OF DEATH. HIS BREATH WAS COMING QUICKLY WHEN HE PRESSED OPEN THE CREAKING WROUGHT-IRON GATE.

THERE! THAT'S THE MOST IMPRESSIVE GRAVE; LOIS OF DOUGH WENT INTO RECKETING THAT! I'LL KNOW SOON!



THIS MAGAZINE IS HAUNTED

THEN, CROUCHING, HE BEGAN TO DIG FEVERISHLY! AN HOUR WENT BY. HE TREMBLED AND SWEATED PROFUSELY FROM THE EFFORT!



WITH TREMULOUS FINGERS, HE PULLED BACK THE LID, AND HE SAW —



UH—I-IT'S STARTING TO COME OFF! OH: I-IT MUST BE MY IMAGINATION! I-I THOUGHT THE HAND MOVED!



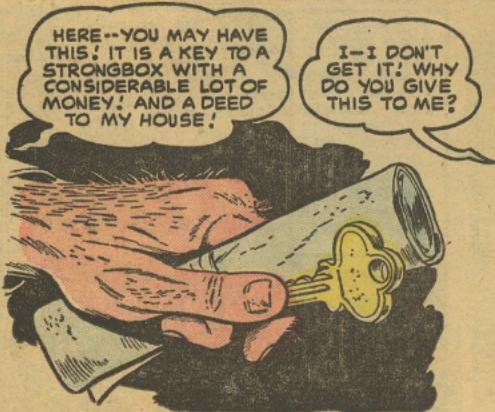
--I-I CAN'T GET THE RING OFF!--NO! IT CAN'T BE! THE HAND'S BECOME A FIST SO I CAN'T REMOVE THE R-



THE RUSH OF COLD HORROR BLOTTED OUT CONSCIOUSNESS FOR ONLY MINUTES--AND WHEN HE OPENED HIS EYES, HE LOOKED INTO THE WRINKLED JAUNDICED FACE OF A MAN WITH A LANTERN!



THIS MAGAZINE IS HAUNTED



THIS MAGAZINE IS HAUNTED

NOW TAKE WHAT I'VE GIVEN YOU AND LEAVE RIGHT AWAY!

OH--I GET IT NOW! THIS JUNK IS WORTHLESS, BUT YOU'VE GIVEN IT TO ME JUST TO GET RID OF ME! YOU'RE SCARED OF ME NOW!

BUT I'M NOT LEAVING! I'M STICKING AROUND HERE FOR THE NIGHT--MAYBE EVEN A FEW DAYS!



EMIL GLOSSIK SHRUGGED STOICALLY AS CHARLEY DEFER PUSHED HIS WAY INTO ONE OF THE ROOMS. HE STRETCHED OUT ON THE BED, RATHER PLEASED WITH HIMSELF NOW. HE WAS WARM--AND HIS HUNGER WAS SATISFIED.

THIS ISN'T A BAD SETUP I'VE STUMBBLED INTO! I NOTICED THERE'S NO TELEPHONE SO THE OLD GUY CAN'T CONTACT ANYBODY WITHOUT MY KNOWING!



THE LIGHT'S SO DIM! LOOKS LIKE A LOT OF STRANGELY CLOAKED FIGURES! I'LL SEE THEM MIND THEIR OWN BUSINESS!



HIS COURAGE BOLSTERED BY A JAGGED KITCHEN KNIFE, DEFER THREW OPEN THE DOOR WITH A FLOURISH! THE CLOAKED FIGURES HEARD HIS STEP, GLIMPSED HIS FACE, THEN BOLTED FOR THE DOOR!

IF ANY OF YOU TRY TO TELL THE POLICE, I'LL--HEY!



THIS MAGAZINE IS HAUNTED



THIS MAGAZINE IS HAUNTED

AT THAT INSTANT, THE DOOR OPENED, AND THE DEAD CAME STALKING IN TO STUDY QUIVERING CHARLEY!



HE RAN AND RAN, TERROR QUICKENING HIS STEPS; THEY CHASED HIM, GARISH LAUGHTER FOLLOWING AFTER, AS THOUGH THEY ENJOYED THE SPORT! AND WHEN HE MADE TOWN, HE DUCKED INTO A DINER FOR COFFEE—FEELING SECURE IN THE LIGHT AND COMPANY OF OTHERS:



HE FLED THROUGH SEVERAL HOTELS AND OUT THE BACK, RETRACING HIS PATH TO CONFUSE HIS PURSUITERS. AND THEN AT LAST, CERTAIN OF HIS EVASION, HE STARTED FOR THE REGISTRY DESK IN ONE, WHEN....



THERE MUST BE SOMEPLACE I CAN GO WHERE THEY CAN'T FOLLOW! THERE MUST BE! OH--YES, I KNOW! IT'S A DESPERATE MEASURE, BUT I'VE GOT TO DO IT! THAT COOP!



THIS MAGAZINE IS HAUNTED



BY THAT TIME I'LL BE FREE OF THEM! AND THEN--I'LL GET THAT DEED AND KEY WHERE I STUCK THEM! AFTER THAT--I'LL NEVER NEED WORRY AGAIN! IF THE OLD MAN WAS ON THE LEVEL!



Deffer counted the minutes of each day--suffering an agony of waiting--waiting! He sought each corner for the ghastly dead sentinels, but they were nowhere to be seen. At last he was released; he went to the deeded house and uncovered the strongbox!



IT'S CRAMMED WITH GREENBACKS! THOUSANDS! THOUSANDS!



WITH HIS NEWLY-FOUND RICHES, CHARLEY DEFFER RENOVATED THE DEEDED HOUSE AND STEEPED HIMSELF IN UNACCUSTOMED LUXURY. BUT ONE UNSUSPECTING NIGHT...



THIS MAGAZINE IS HAUNTED

--EMIL GLOSSIK! YOU'RE ALONE AND YOU WANT TO MEET ME TO GIVE ME A KEY TO ANOTHER STRONGBOX? YES--
YES, I'LL BE THERE!

HE'S ALONE! THAT MEANS HE'S ESCAPED, TOO! SO THE OLD GOAT IS STILL GIVING THINGS AWAY--!

BUT CHARLEY DEFFER WAS WARY JUST THE SAME! AT THE APPOINTED RENDEZVOUS, HE WATCHED THE CAR FOR A LONG TIME, BEFORE HE DETERMINED THAT GLOSSIK WAS TRULY ALONE!

--GLOSSIK,
I'M HERE! WHERE'S
THE KEY?
COME IN,
QUICKLY!
WE'LL DRIVE
AWAY FROM
HERE TO BE CERTAIN
WE HAVEN'T
BEEN FOLLOWED!

HEY, WAIT!
YOU'RE HEADED
TOWARD THE
CEMETERY!

STOP! STOP! W-WHY
CAN'T I SQUEEZE YOUR
THROAT WITH MY
HANDS? STOP!!

IT WILL DO
YOU NO GOOD!

-AEEEEEE! Y-YOU
ARE A
DEAD BEING
NOW!

YES--I WAS AN OLD MAN, AND
THE NEW CUSTODIAN OF THE
DEAD WAS DESIGNATED
TO BE--YOU!

--AND SO IT WAS, THAT CHARLEY
DEFFER FOUND HIS NICHE: HE WOULD
RUMMAGE IN THE WORLD OF THE
DEAD--A GHOUl TRAPPED BY HIS
OWN AVARICE!



THIS MAGAZINE IS HAUNTED

WITH A SCREECH OF BRAKES AND THE AGONIZED WAIL OF TIRES SPINNING CRAZILY, THE JEEP CRASHED THROUGH THE MATTED UNDERBRUSH. ON THE EDGE OF THE JUNGLE, IT POISED MOMENTARILY, THE FOUR PASSENGERS SHUDDERING WITH FEAR. THEN, DOWN THE FOG-CHOKED EMBANKMENT THE CAR HURTLED---DOWN INTO THE...

VALLEY of SHADOW!



FIVE MINUTES OF DEADLY SILENCE, THEN ONE OF THE BODIES TWITCHED. ROLAND COMO'S EYES FLUTTERED WEAKLY AND, WITH A SHRIEK OF TERROR, HE TUGGED AT HIS WIFE, RUBY...

I...I'M STILL IN ONE PIECE! RUBY!.. RUBY!
S-SAY SOMETHING TO ME, DARLING!



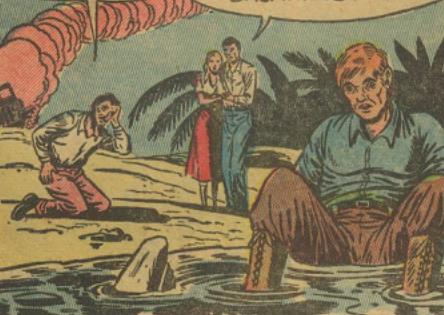
THIS MAGAZINE IS HAUNTED

W-WHAT HAPPENED? WE CAME SAILING DOWN HERE A MILE A MINUTE AND THEN...

SOMEHOW...WE ALL SEEM TO HAVE SURVIVED THAT AWFUL CRASH! DAN...YOU, ERIC... RUBY AND ME...WE'RE STILL BREATHING!

I-I CAN'T GET OVER IT! THE JEEP SPLATTERED ALL OVER THE PLACE...AND NOT ONE OF US EVEN SCRATCHED!

PLEASE...LET'S GET AWAY FROM HERE! THIS PLACE...IT GIVES ME THE CREEPS!



THE
MINUTES
TICKED BY
AS THE
FOUR
SURVIVORS
STRUGGLED
THROUGH
THE EERIE
FOG.
SHROUDED
VALLEY, THEN-

I-I DON'T GET IT! THESE LAND-MARKS...NOT ON ANY MAP I'VE EVER SEEN!

WE LIVE THROUGH A GHASTLY CRASH,
ONLY TO GET *LOST*! WE'RE STRANDED
...IN THE MIDDLE OF NOWHERE!

FOR TEN YEARS I'VE BEEN
GUIDING HUNTERS THROUGH
THIS PART OF THE JUNGLE
AND I NEVER SAW THIS...

G-GOOD
LORD!
LOOK!

WHY...WHY IT'S JUST A
BUNCH OF NATIVES,
WEARING COSTUMES
THAT MAKE 'EM LOOK
LIKE *SKELETONS*!
PROBABLY A CER-
EMONIAL ROBE OF
SOME KIND!

THERE, THERE.
RUBY...IT'S GOING
TO BE ALL RIGHT!
THEY SEEM
FRIENDLY ENOUGH!

WE SEE CAR CRASH...MASTER
SEND US AT ONCE! HURRY!
GRAND KABAH MUST SPEAK
WITH YOU...DECIDE YOUR
FATE!



THIS MAGAZINE IS HAUNTED

NO ONE'S GONNA
DECIDE MY FATE
...NOT WHILE I'VE
GOT A GUN TO
SPEAK FOR ME !

YOU ARE FOOL!
GUN WILL DO YOU
NO GOOD...ONLY
GRAND KABAH
HAS FINAL WORD !

WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT,
BUSTER! SEE IF THIS
GRAND KABAH OF
YOURS CAN SAVE
YOUR LOUSY NECK!

NO GOOD!
I TELL YOU...
GUN WILL
DO YOU NO
GOOD !

T-THE...GUN...
ARGHHH!



HE...HE'S BUTCHERED
BEYOND RECOGNITION!
HIS OWN GUN...THE
ONE ERIC TOOK
SUCH GOOD
CARE OF !

WE HAVE NO TIME
TO WASTE HERE...
QUICK! THE GRAND
KABAH AWAITS...
HE WILL BECOME
ANGRY !

I-I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU MADE
ERIC'S GUN BLOW UP LIKE THAT...
BUT I DON'T LIKE THIS SET-UP!
I-I'M CLEARING OUT...RIGHT NOW!

YOU RUN TOWARDS DESTRUCTION,
IDIOT! NO ONE WHO ENTERS THIS
VALLEY CAN ESCAPE JUDGMENT
BY THE GRAND KABAH !



THIS MAGAZINE IS HAUNTED

H-HE'S HURTLED DOWN THAT EMBANKMENT AS IF... AS IF AN UNSEEN HAND WAS PULLING 'IM DOWN! AND THE ROCKS... DAN'S STARTED A LANDSLIDE!



WITH A SICKENING CRUNCH, A JAGGED BOULDER CRASHED INTO DAN BRITTON'S SKULL, SENDING HIM SPRAWLING HEAD-FIRST!



DAN BRITTON'S BODY SHUDDERED IN ITS DEATH-TROES, THEN SLUMPED GROTESQUELY --- HIS SHATTERED HEAD PLUNGED FORWARD INTO THE BLOOD-FLECKED POOL...



ROLAND AND RUBY COMO STAGGERED ON, CONVULSED BY DREAD AND APPREHENSION, SOON THEY SAW SOMETHING THAT SENT SPASMS OF TERROR SKIDGING DOWN THEIR SPINES...



C-COFFINS! IF WE STAY HERE WE'RE GOING TO BE MURDERED! THIS GRAND KABAH AND HIS HIDEOUS FOLLOWERS... THEY HAVE STRANGE POWERS!



T-THEY'RE GOING TO TORTURE US! OUR ONLY CHANCE... RUN FOR OUR LIVES!



THIS MAGAZINE IS HAUNTED

C-COME BACK, RUBY... PLEASE
...COME BACK! Y-YOU'LL GET
LOST IN THIS VALLEY OF SHADOW!



Hysterical with fear, Ruby Como raced away. Suddenly, her foot plunged through the grass matting which covered a cavernous hole dug in the ground.

H-HELP... ROLAND... HELPPPPP!



Her wildly flailing arms struck a trigger-rope, propelling a razor-edged spear forward with blinding speed...

YAAAAAHHH!!



The sky darkened... and Roland como brooded sorrowfully over his wife's corpse, slowly his rage mounted, and turned to seething madness...

T-THIS LOUSY CHIEFTAIN CURSED ERIC,
DAN AND RUBY... SOMEHOW MADE
FATAL ACCIDENTS TAKE PLACE! I... I'M
GOING TO GET HIM BEFORE HE PUTS
HIS DEADLY CURSE ON ME!



T-THE NATIVES... DON'T EVEN SEEM TO NOTICE ME! I'VE GOT AN OPEN FIELD TO... THAT TALL MAN! HE MUST BE THEIR LEADER...!



T-THE GIANT...
I-IVE GOT TO
KILL 'IM!

SWISH-



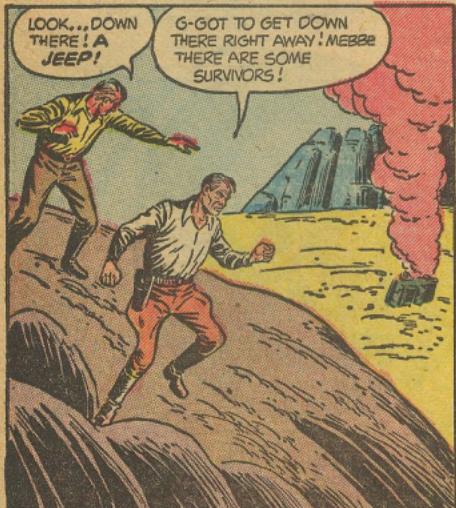
THIS MAGAZINE IS HAUNTED



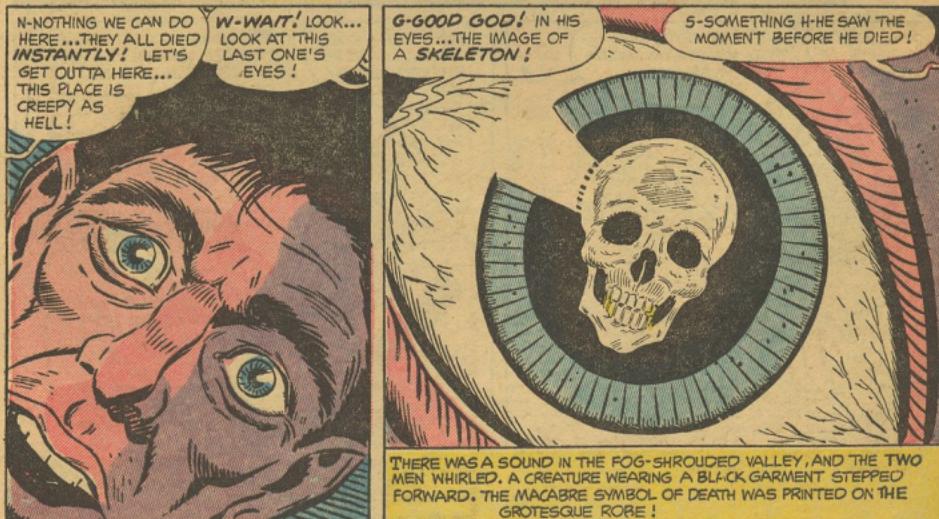
At that same moment, on the foggy edge of the grotesque valley of shadows...

I-IT'S A MIRACLE... OUR ESCAPING WHEN THAT ROPE BRIDGE COLLAPSED! A THOUSAND FOOT DROP, AND NOT ONE OF US IS EVEN SCRATCHED!

ESCAPED TO WHAT? IN TWENTY YEARS OF LIVING IN THE JUNGLE I'VE NEVER SEEN THIS AREA! W-WHERE ARE WE?



THIS MAGAZINE IS HAUNTED





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HOW TO HYPNOTIZE

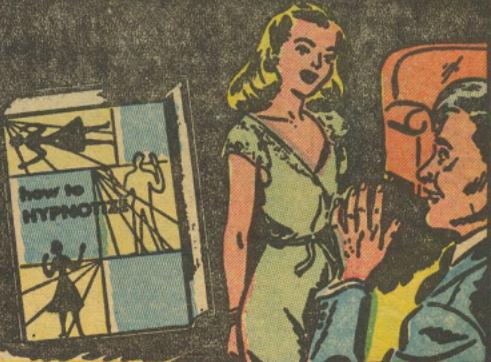
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dangerous drugs . . . you eat it like candy! Yet . . . if you were to have this same prescription compounded to your order, it would cost you many times more. However, through this introductory offer, you can obtain 4-way MORE-WATE tablets . . . a full 10 day supply . . . for just \$1.00 or a 30 day supply for only \$2.98, plus a 10 day supply free, with an absolute money-back guarantee! Yes, try MOREWATE for TEN DAYS . . . and if not entirely delighted with weight gained, return the unused supply for full refund! You've nothing to lose . . . and weight to gain! Act now! Stop being the guy or the gal who dreads

Not one child yet has failed to go for and ask for more MORE-WATE tablets! Stop worrying about children not eating enough, give them MORE-WATE tablets—it stimulates their appetite . . . they eat it like candy!

SKINNY

MEN ARE OFTEN ASHAMED TO STRIP FOR SPORTS OR FOR A SWIM!

GIRLS ARE NOT ALLURING AND DON'T HAVE EYE-CATCHING CURVES!

CHILDREN WHO WON'T EAT AND ARE UNDERWEIGHT, OFTEN CALLED SKINNY!

Now at last More-Wate plan that puts firm, attractive pounds and inches on your body, chest, arms and legs.

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SUPPLY \$1.
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SKINNY
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Mrs. Ruth
Long

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Please send me your favorite snapshot, photo or Kodak picture when writing for your Miniature Dog. We will make you a beautiful 5x7 inch enlargement in a handsome "Movietone" frame SO YOU CAN TELL YOUR FRIENDS about our bargain hand-colored enlargements when handing out the get-acquainted coupons free. Just mail me your favorite snapshot, print or negative NOW and pay the postman only 19¢ plus postage when your treasured enlargement arrives and I'll include the "Movietone" frame at no extra cost. LIMIT OF 2 to any one person. Your original returned with your enlargement and frame. Also include the COLOR OF HAIR AND EYES with each picture, so I can also give you our bargain offer on a second enlargement artfully hand colored in oils for natural beauty, sparkle and life, like we have done for thousands of others.

I'm so anxious to send you a miniature dog that I hope you will send me your name, address and favorite snapshot, right away and get your 20 enlargement coupons to hand out free. Mrs. Ruth Long, Gift Manager.

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